

Roseburg News-Review

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the
News-Review Co., Inc.

Member of The Associated Press
The Associated Press is exclusively
entitled to the use for publication
of all news dispatches credited
to it or not otherwise credited
herein, and to all local news
published herein. All rights of
publication of special dispatches
herein are also reserved.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

Entered as second class matter
May 12, 1929, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of
March 3, 1879.
New York—251 Madison Ave.—Chi-
cago—360 N. Michigan Ave.—San
Francisco—220 Bush Street—De-
troit—204 W. Grand Boulevard—
Los Angeles—423 S. Spring Street—
Seattle—402 Stewart Street—Port-
land—120 E. W. Sixth Ave.—St.
Louis—411 N. Tenth Street

Represented by

WEST-HOLLIDAY

Oregon Newspaper
Publishers Association

Subscription Rates

Daily, per year by mail, \$1.65
Daily, 6 months by mail, \$1.25
Daily, 3 months by mail, \$1.00
Daily, by carrier per month, \$1.00
Daily, by carrier per year, \$12.00

Every state, county and city
official or board that handles
public money should publish at
regular intervals an accounting
of it, showing where and how
each dollar is spent. This is a
fundamental principle of demo-
cratic government.

OREGON has received only a
relatively small portion of the
defense billions being scat-
tered by the federal govern-
ment. Nevertheless this state
has garnered a sizeable number
of millions.

Here are a few of the larger
items:

Shipyards in Portland, \$48,000,
000 for 32 new freighters.

Portland steel concerns, \$25,
000,000 for two mine layers for
the navy; \$2,000,000 for anti-
submarine net tenders; \$2,000,000
for some troop transports; \$7,
500,000 for some navy tankers.

Other items include: \$810,000
worth of blankets; \$100,000 worth
of twine; \$1,200,000 worth of
parts for airplanes; \$322,000
worth of cloth for navy uni-
forms; \$123,000 worth of tent
poles.

Building projects include (thus
far): Air contingent in Port-
land, \$1,114,000; hospital at Van-
couver, \$948,000; several millions
for air base at Pendleton; sev-
eral millions for a large amuni-
tion warehouse in central Ore-
gon; several millions on airports
all over Oregon.

The figures above total to vast
amounts, although as pointed
out, they represent only a small
part of the total staggering de-
fense expenditures.

So far as our own Douglas
county area is concerned, we
have seen nothing in the way of
direct income. However when
millions are poured into our state
there will be very definite indi-
rect benefits even this far away
from the actual scene of defense
activity.

Also, and not for a moment to
be overlooked, Douglas county is
the greatest Douglas fir lumber
reservoir in the world. Practi-
cally every dollar of defense ex-
penditure will be for something
requiring the use of wood prod-
ucts in some portion of its con-
struction. Shipbuilding takes a
vast amount of lumber—even for
building steel ships there must
be scaffolding. Housing and can-
tonment building material is
largely lumber. New manufac-
turing plants will require mil-
lions of feet of lumber.

So, while we look with longing
if not envious eyes toward those
communities wherein direct con-
tracts have been placed, let's not
forget this: This program of de-
fense spending is a temporary
program. When the big bulk of
the defense job is completed the
big money contracts will end.
Communities built on the basis
of these expenditures will suffer
a readjustment back to a shock-
ing normal.

On the other hand, when the
lumber industry of this country
is developed as the result of cur-
rent demand for wood products
it will not likely decline so very
much when the defense job is
completed. The reason is obvious.
The timber of this area was des-
tined for development in any
case—the expansion will merely
be hurried by the defense pro-
gram. But as this county gets
into production other areas now
near depletion will be exhaust-
ed of standing timber. We shall
one day be the center of the lum-
ber industry—defense boom or not.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

the gay crowds are no more. The
Callente track is now a drab
sight.

No, the judgment isn't too
harsh. It isn't beauty people
come here for. Take away the
betting and Santa Anita will go
the way of Callente, beauty or no
beauty.

THE ponies run, splashing mud
in every direction. The win-
ners bubble with glee as they
dash for the windows to cash in
their tickets and the losers tear
'em up and drop 'em on the floor.

To listen to the talk around,
you'd think everybody wins and
nobody loses—which obviously
can't be true or Santa Anita, for
all its beauty and charm, would
fold up.

(The explanation lies in the
quirk in human nature which
leads us to boast loudly of our
winnings and to keep silent as to
our losses.)

ALL the way out, it poured
cats and dogs, but sharp on
the bugle for the first race the
rain ceased. Before the tickets
for the last race are cashed (or
thrown away) it begins again.

That's weather co-operation.
When it begins again, it BE-
GINS. In Pasadena the streets
are rushing rivers, running
board-deep. Nobody pays any at-
tention. By this time this winter,
it has become the regular thing.

NEXT morning. The papers
are full of last night's flood.
Seven deaths. Five of them ordi-
nary traffic accidents, but in the
sixth a woman out in Glendale
stepped to the curb to take a
look, fell off, was swept down the
river that filled the street, an
18-year-old youth tried to save
her, failed and was carried to
his death in a drain inlet farther
down.

Yes, it's raining here.

THINKS INCREASE IN PAY
SHOULD APPLY TO ALL

SUTHERLIN, Feb. 25.—(Editor
News-Review)—Have read with
interest in your paper about the
bill in the state senate to in-
crease the pay of a few of our
county officers. I suppose it is very
hard for them to live on \$1,500 to
\$2,000 per year and no doubt they
should have \$400 or \$500 more and
their travel pay, too. But, Mr. Editor,
did you ever think of the man
who works for the county for
\$2.50 per day and furnishes his
own car and gas, going to and
from work wherever it is in the
district, which costs him from
\$10 to \$15 per month. Is this
right? It is not. And it is a
shame that a county like Douglas
should ask a man to do so.

If it is fair for some to receive
increase in pay, it should be the
same for the other fellow.

SHERMAN T. SMITH

WILLING WORKERS CLUB
HOLDS MEETING AT
CHURCH OF CHRIST

ELKTON, Feb. 26.—The Will-
ing Workers met at the Church
of Christ Thursday afternoon for
a regular meeting. The ladies
worked on tea towels. A handker-
chief shower was given Mrs.
Mildred DeGnath, who is moving
to Roseburg. Mrs. Lucile Mc-
Michael had charge of a program.
Mrs. Rose Haines served refresh-
ments.

There were present Mrs.
Blanche Wade, Mrs. Elizabeth
Owens, Mrs. Addie Hargan, Mrs.
Ina Jacobs, Mrs. Ruby Bickford,
Mrs. Mildred DeGnath, Mrs. Una
Smith, Mrs. Ina Henderer, Mrs.
Rose Henderer, Mrs. Mary
Haines, Mrs. Marietta Listerud,
Mrs. Lucile McMichael and Mrs.
Rose Haines.

BRIDGE CLUB MEETS
AT AZALEA FRIDAY

AZALEA, Feb. 26.—Mrs. Est-
her Thorpe and Dick Derrig en-
tertained the bridge club at the
home of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney
Smith Friday night.

Members present were Mr. and
Mrs. Henry Smith, Mrs. Walter
Mrs. Vernon Gaecke, Mr. and
Mrs. Frank Stringer, Mr. and
Mrs. Rodney Smith and the host
and hostess, Dick Derrig and
Mrs. Thorpe.

Mr. Gaecke and Mrs. Kemp
received the high score prize.
Mrs. Gaecke and Frank String-
er received low score prizes.

Refreshments were served af-
ter the card play.

PAST MATRONS CLUB
ENJOYS LUNCHEON

RIDDLE, Feb. 26.—The Past
Matrons club of the Order of
Eastern Star was entertained

OUT OUR WAY



THE WORRY WART.

Friday by Mrs. Elbert Ball at
her home near town and a most
enjoyable afternoon was reported.
The usual potluck luncheon
was served at one o'clock follow-
ed by visiting and sewing during
the afternoon hours. Seated at
the luncheon table were Mrs. C.
F. Stauffer, Mrs. Grace Becker,
Mrs. C. E. Logsdon, Mrs. G. E.
Aikins, Mrs. J. L. Aikins, Mrs.
G. L. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. G. N.
Riddle, Mrs. May Fate, Mrs. Ab-
Matthews, Mrs. Frank Matthews
and Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Ball.

Thrilling, because I recognized
it instantly for what it was; com-
forting, because of the realiza-
tion that I was viewing it later-
ally—not vertically, from the re-
gions below, or (a much more
unlikely supposition) from those
above.

A major automobile smash-up
should prepare a man's mind for
anything, perhaps; but hardly
for the miracle of a practically
unscathed deliverance from it.

As soon as the thousandth
person has completed telling,
phoning or writing me, directing
attention to the curious and
somewhat prophetic significance
of a statement I had made a
week or ten days ago while writ-
ing a sequence of "I Saws" about
Mercy hospital, to the effect that
I was going to spend some time
in the hospital, "not as a patient,
but more in the nature of a
guest."

As soon, I repeat, as this oc-
curs, I will get around to
thanking each one, individually
and collectively, for their friend-
ly and companionable interest.
There are only a few more to go
—in fact, I'll thank them here
and now. It's done!

Back From Portland—"Bud"
Watson, assistant manager of the
Roseburg Western Auto Supply
store, spent the week-end in Port-
land visiting his parents, Mr. and
Mrs. C. A. Watson.

Lenten Services—Lenten Ser-
vices are being held at St.
George's Episcopal church each
week-day at 7:45 a. m.; Wednes-
day mornings at 7:45 and 10 o'-
clock, and each evening at 7:30
o'clock.

Dinner Planned—Members of
the Stedfast Bible class of the
First Presbyterian church will
hold a potluck luncheon at the
church Thursday at 12:30 o'clock,
according to an announcement
made today.

Return to Eugene—Mr. and
Mrs. C. R. Boyd, of Eugene, were
Roseburg visitors over the week-
end at the home of their son-in-
law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs.
Wm. Unruh. The Boyds former-
ly made their home at Winston.

U. S. W. V. to Meet—"The regu-
lar meeting of George Starmer
camp, No. 19, United Spanish
War veterans will be held Thurs-
day evening, February 27, at 8 o'-
clock at the Roseburg armory. A
recruit will be mustered in.

Attend Game—Mr. and Mrs.
"Si" Van Voorst, Orville John,
Clyde Beard and H. H. Turner,
all of this city, attended the
Grants-Pass Ashland basketball
game at Grants Pass Tuesday ev-
ening. Mr. Turner refereed the
game.

Visits in Portland—H. F. Hat-
field has returned to Roseburg
following a weekend in Port-
land where he visited Mrs. Hat-
field who has just been discharg-
ed from a hospital. She is conval-
escing at the home of her son-in-
law and daughter, Attorney and
Mrs. Wm. Knight. Mr. and Mrs.
Hatfield were joined there for
the weekend by their son, Ivan,
student at Oregon State college.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

At Home—Mrs. George Rice
is reported to be ill at her home
in Westmoreland.

By Williams

SERIAL STORY

DUDE COLLEGE

BY OREN ARNOLD

COPYRIGHT, 1940,
NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Dr. Wesley
York takes up singing, while
Andre continues his search for
the girl with the crutch, Girar-
deau makes arrangements with
Ronnie's father to take her to
the Saturday dance. Driving
out to the ranch, he smashes into
the rear of York's dilapidated se-
dan, hurries on in to greet Ron-
nie.

DR. YORK GOES TO A PARTY

CHAPTER IX

Dr. Woodrow Wesley York, of
Pueblo university, had a perfect-
ly genuine Ph.D. degree and a
reasonably good salary for a
junior faculty member. But no
instructor is ever paid very
much, and so the rattle-bang type
sedan which Wesley owned was,
in a measure, symbolic. It sug-
gested thrift, but it also suggest-
ed need. Right now, beside Andre
Girardeau's sleek, new coupe, in
front of the elaborate Rocking
R ranch home, it looked like a
fugitive from a junk yard.

Moreover, Andre himself had
personified haughty aristocracy
when he ordered Wesley off the
premises and stepped into Ronica
Bailey's home. Andre was metic-
ulously dressed, Manhattan fash-
ion. Wesley, on the other hand,
wore simply his best suit; the
same one he wore on Sundays to
church with his mother, and to
classroom when his second best
was being cleaned. He even had
on his heavy black-rimmed spec-
tacles.

Suddenly he remembered
something, and took the glasses
off. He didn't actually need
them except for reading, but ha-
bit is strong. He stood there in
the darkness a moment, then
moved hesitantly to the porch.
He heard the obvious pleasure of
Ronica in greeting Andre Girar-
deau and—in sudden panic—was
about to flee, but a portly gentle-
man came out the door and saw
him.

"Hey there, how do you do,
young man?" The portly one was
cordial. "Come in, come right
in. My name's Bailey—Ronica's
father."

"Uh York, I am Wesley York."
"Fine, fine, Wesley! Go right
in with the other young people.
Ronica always has a crowd
around. Dance tonight, isn't
there? Yes, that's right, this
New York fellow, Andre Girar-
deau, is escorting Ronica, I be-
lieve. You riding in with them,
no doubt?"

"Why, ah—" Wesley couldn't
speak coherently, partly because
Mr. Bailey had him by the arm
and was genially leading him to
the living room door. But, be-
fore Ronica saw him, Wesley
stopped.

"No! Mr. Bailey, I—the fact
is, I was just leaving, thanks just
the same. I, uh, did come—but I
must make another call immedi-
ately. Many thanks, sir."

"Oh, all right, son. Always feel
at home here. Everybody else
does."

Wesley almost ran to his old
car. He felt sure Ronica must
have heard him, but apparently
not. Let her be caught yet,
however, and so subjected to
more acute embarrassment, he
jabbed at his starter and roared
off down the narrow trail again.

Not until he was out of sight
of the Rock R house did he re-
gain composure and realize his
plight. He had thought his date
with Ronica a genuine one! She
herself had suggested it, but—
plainly now, she had just been
ridiculing him.

The thought hurt deeply. He
had felt that Miss Bailey was a
sincere, kindly girl although a
famous and most vivacious one.
But, Wesley told himself dejected-
ly, he might have known bet-
ter. Who was he to expect such
bounty from—what was it that
radio columnist called her?

America's most omphatic some-
body? Still, the other wealthy,
lovely girls at Pueblo U. were
seldom cruel; usually they were
as democratic as the average
American.

His thoughts grew blacker and
blackier as he left the moon-bath-
ed countryside and came within
the village lights of Pueblo again
and so without realizing it he
pulled up at his home. His
mother was on the porch, rock-
ing.

"Why, son, didn't you go to
the dance?" Mrs. York sensed
something. She stopped her
chair.

"Uh, not yet, mother. I—I had
to come back for something,
that's all."

A fellow has to bluff. To keep
face. He forced a casual man-
ner, went to his room, then out
again and drove off in his old
car. And by this time he was
definitely angry, hence more
reasonable.

"I've got to go to that dance
anyway," he reminded himself.
"Faculty members are expected to,
and I am chief student con-
tact. They look to me. Besides—
she—"

Dr. Woodrow Wesley York usu-
ally drove with care. But he dis-
regarded two stop signs as he
drove recklessly to the beautiful
college gymnasium. A new glint
had come into his eyes.

When he walked into the big
room, already gay with music
and laughter, and he held his
head up in full pride. If, said
he to himself, I do see Ronica
Bailey, I shall merely bow form-
ally and proceed about my own
business; a man can do these
things and feel no shame.

He glanced hastily around. No,
she wasn't here yet. But across
the room he did discover that ex-
quisite, dark-eyed girl, Lona
Montoya, the one who had just
registered this year from away
down in Vera Cruz, and who had
suffered an unfortunate accident.
Even now she sat holding her
crutch. He crossed to her.

"Dr. Wesley York!" Lona
beamed sweetly at him. "Isn't
everything so lovely tonight?"

"Including you, Miss Montoya,"
said Wesley, which was a dar-
ling thing for him to say. "I am
so sorry you cannot dance with
the others. May I, uh, request
at least one interval here with
you, just conversing?"

"Oh, Wesley!" Lona dropped
the title. "You are too kind!"
"Not at all! It is a pleasure
for me. I, uh, came alone, and—"

"So did I. I wanted so to be
here, but I would not burden
any man who might ask me for a
date, because I can not dance
tonight. But the music—o-o-o-
oh! Is love!"

"To tell you the truth, Lona,"
Wesley dropped a title too, and
was plunging on courageously. "I
came alone in the hopes that I
might, uh, find just this oppor-
tunity to—to be with you!"

He swallowed, hard; but not-
ing came of his timidity. Lona
merely smiled and said more
thanks. After that Wesley was
more at ease. He rather tied to
Lona in relief, for it was a dig-
nified, logical way of escape
from his predicament.

It occurred to him that, if
Ronica Bailey did come in, she
would see him here and so
think he had brought Lona. If so,
well and good! Then he could
hold up his head in truth. It
would, in effect, proclaim to Ron-
ica that he, too, knew Ronica had
been just jailing him that after-
noon in the airplane; that their
"date" hadn't been taken serious-
ly by either one.

The relief was almost physical
to Wesley. He suddenly relaxed.
After all, Lona Montoya was no-
body for any escort to be ashamed
of; she was beautiful, even if
she was from a foreign land.

He turned to her with sudden
enthusiasm and was being as
courteous and as attentive as he
knew how ignoring the fact that
music had ceased behind him
and that young collegians were
milling around in gay greetings
to every one. He felt that he
might actually enjoy this even-
ing a bit.

He looked—quite without real-
izing it—closely at Lona Mon-
toya's heavily lashed eyes, black
eyes that sparkled with a
strange, exotic wisdom as well
as with feminine charm. Some-
thing away back in his being
contrasted those eyes with Ron-
ica Bailey's violet ones, and this
became momentarily dis